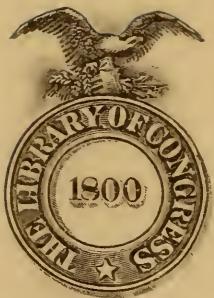


MY BUNKIE
AND OTHER BALLADS

ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT



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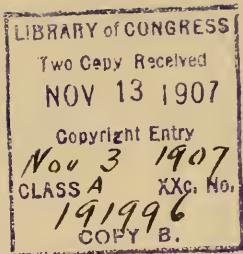
My Bunkie and Other Ballads

BY

ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT



Philadelphia & London
J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
1907



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BY ERWIN CLARKSON GARRETT

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TO THE MEMORY OF
A VERY DEAR OLD CAVALRYMAN
MY FATHER

Capt. George L. Garrett

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

PREFACE

The first part of this book is composed of army verses based on my personal experiences when serving as a private in Companies "L" and "G," 23rd U. S. Infantry ("Regulars") and Troop "I," 5th U. S. Cavalry ("Regulars"), during the Philippine Insurrection of 1899-1902; the four initial pieces being simply army "types" true of "the Service" in general; next a number of verses applicable to the Philippines in particular, and more especially to the Insurrection. In natural order then follow the returned soldier's reminiscences and other army themes. In this way a rational continuity has been preserved.

The latter part of the volume consists of verses on various subjects, with no especial regard to sequence.

I am indebted to the following publications for permission to reprint these things of mine; many of which have, from time to time, appeared in them:—"Book News," "Harper's Weekly," "The Philadelphia Inquirer," "The Evening Bulletin" (Philadelphia), "The Evening Telegraph" (Philadelphia) and "The Pittsburg Post."

It would seem, in conclusion, to be no more than appropriate to append here an obituary notice, the most concise and correct one of several appearing in Philadelphia newspapers at the time of the death of my father, to whom this book is dedicated:

George L. Garrett of Germantown, died on Thursday in his seventieth year at Atlantic City. He was born in 1838, the son of George H. and Margaret Hall Garrett, and traced his ancestry back to the early history of Pennsylvania, when in 1696 Thomas Garrett received a grant of land along the Brandywine river from Letitia Penn, wife of William Penn. In George L. Garrett's grandfather's time the family moved to South Washington Square, and in his father's time to Germantown. Mr. Garrett was a member of the Loyal Legion. He enlisted in the Civil War in 1861 in Anderson's Troop, later serving as an officer in the Fourth Missouri Cavalry. After serving for almost three years he was captured by the Confederates and placed in Libby Prison, where he remained nine months. At the close of the war he was asked to serve on the Western frontier as major, having been advanced from second lieutenant to first lieutenant for bravery. Upon declining to enter the regular service he was honorably discharged with the office of brevet captain.

Mr. Garrett then took up his work as civil engineer in the firm of George E. Waring. Sixteen years ago he retired from active life. He is survived by his widow, who was Sophia C. Gray, and two sons, Charles Hall and Erwin Clarkson Garrett.

E. C. G.

PHILADELPHIA, November 1, 1907.

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*Heaven and Hell and Sorrow and Joy and Love
and War and Strife—*

*What a comical combination goes to making a
soldier's life.*

He's dark for a coat of white-wash—

But "white" 'neath his coat of tan—

So hold out your paw,

(And your heart, what's more),

To the Regular Army man,

Yes Yes:

And a three times three with a ripping roar

For the Regular Army Man.



MY BUNKIE

He's mostly gnarls and freckles and tan,
He'd surely come under Society's ban,
He's a swearing, fighting cavalryman,
But—he's my bunkie.

He's weathered the winds of the Western waste—
(Oh you, gentle Christian, would call him de-
based)—
And he's loved at his ease and married in haste,
Has my bunkie.

In a Philippine paddy he's slept in the rain
When he's drunk rotten beno that drives you
insane:
And he's often court-martialed—yes over again,
Is my bunkie.

He's been on a booze the whole blooming night
To mount guard the next morning most awfully
tight;

Though he's "dressed" like a soldier when given
"Guide right,"
Has my bunkie.

He doesn't know Browning or Ibsen or Keats,
But he knows mighty well when the other man
cheats,
And he licks him and makes him the laugh of the
"streets"—
Does my bunkie.

He stands by and cheers when *I'm* having fun,
And when it is over says "Pretty well done."
Though he takes a large hand if they rush two to
one,
For—he's my bunkie.

When "Taps" has blown and all the troop sleep,
We nudge each other and gingerly creep
To there where the shadows hang heavy and deep,
I and bunkie.

And then when the fire-flies flittering roam,
We sit close together out there in the gloam
And talk about things appertaining to home,
I and bunkie.

If the sweet tropic fever is shrinking my spine,
And they blow "Boots and Saddles" to chase the
brown swine,
He'll give me a leg-up and ride me in line,
Will my bunkie.

And if I get hit—his arm goes around,
And raises me tenderly off of the ground,
And the words on his lips are a comforting sound,
The words on the lips of my bunkie.

THE DOG-ROBBER

It's anything but "Duty"—
It's anything but work—
It's sit with a pen in the sergeant's den
And see what you can shirk.

It's polish the first lieutenant's shoes
And be the captain's "maid."
It's something else than walking post,
Or drill or dress parade.

It's feet on a table and cigarettes
When the men go out to groom,
And the details pass through the paddy grass
In the slough of the falling gloom.

It's wearing four-inch collars
When the troop is on the trail;
It's strutting by with a haughty eye
When rations start to fail.

It's sitting safe in a guarded town
With three square meals a day,
When the rest are out on a stinking scout
Some thirty miles away.

It's digging deep with a doughty pen
In a "casa" clean and dry,
While the splash and thud in the six-months' mud
Tells where the troop goes by.

(While the heavy hush of the dawning day
Lifts—amber, dun and red,
And the palms look down on the nipa town
To count the khaki dead.)

(When the palms look down on his final gasp
And they turn him to the sky—
And the Captured stare through their matted hair
To see how the strong can die.)

It's being a damned civilian,
Tiked out in blue and tan,
When you came in to fight like sin
And be a soldierman.

For it's everything under heaven
A Ranker shouldn't do;
And even down to the rookie clown
They scorn and laugh at you.

*It's anything but "duty"—
It's anything but work—
It's extra pay and an easy day,
And shirk—shirk—shirk.*

THE OLD SERGEANT

When I saw him he was sitting looking out across a
valley—

Fair and fertile—palm-bestudded—mountain-
backed and green;

But the strong gray eyes were weary, just a very
trifle weary

With the long, long years of service they had
seen.

And I kind of took it easy—spoke about the pleas-
ant weather—

And the landscape and the people and the ways;
And the Service—I had seen it?—O well just a
little—*poco*—

So that *pronto* it was drifting to the tale of
other days.

Santiago—Arizona—and Caloocan and the North
Line—

Palm and sage-brush—insurrecto—Español—
Geronimo

And the valley and the mountains doing splendid
yeoman service
For the shifting scenes of battle as I watched
them come and go.

Though more vivid than the valley—though more
mighty than the mountains—
Though more telling than “the telling” far—
to me—
Seemed the sun-seared wind-scarred visage and the
unrelenting shoulders
And mustache and hair awhitening like the com-
bers out at sea.

But the watchful eyes and weary told the story yet
more clearly,
Alkali and cactus valley—transport—paddy—
wind and rain—
Riven, roweled, reformed and roaring—year on
year through wait and warring—
Lifting yet the faithful burning epochs slowly
back again.

*Cease counting coin, Civilian, for just a
little minute:
Stop drilling Rookie—’spero—Atten-
tion there I say:*

*Salute! . . . A Nation stands secure
while men like he are in it
To lead a charge or check a rush or
tide a turning day.*

*And when the gold-laced brigadiers re-
flect the gleaming sunlight—
When plumed and burnished aid-de-
camps are clanking gaily by—
Look where you see him—grim and
straight, eyes front, unmoved and
splendid—
A shirt—a yellow cord—a king—
against the morning sky.*

THE ROOKIE *

He carries his gun like a sack of wheat—

He walks like a load of coal—

When they give 'em "About" he prances on

With an innocent off-shore roll:

And "The Top" is willing to bet his pay

That he hasn't any soul.

When it comes "Right dress" he looks to the left

With an asinine pose and face;

And the captain swears and the colonel stares—

To the company's large disgrace:

And the officers' wives and daughters laugh—

(Which never helps the case).

He gets some hell at muster—

He gets more hell at drill—

He gets most hell on a bumpety horse

Whenever he takes a spill:

And he's sure to get hell if he talks in his sleep—

(Oh yes, he most certainly will).

* A new recruit.

I suppose they *must* have rookies,
Though it's horribly hard to see.
But wait . . . If there were no rookies,
Just where would the Army be?
And I guess one time the worst in the bunch
Was asinine, awkward Me.

THE CRUEL AMERICAN SOLDIER

It's hot and dry, and the tropic sky
Is a sheet of burnished blue;
And the paddies bare in the stifling air
Have a sickening, saffron hue.

And you ride along with never a song,
With never a quib or jest;
Through jungle and vale, o'er hill and dale,
From valley to mountain crest.

The parrots white in the dazzling light,
Are screeching overhead,
And the monkeys chaff and seem to laugh,
And know you're nearly dead.

And you've the blues as in "column of twos"
Through the heat and dust you ride,
No water's nigh, and your canteen's dry,
And you're bloody-well starved inside.

But the day's nigh done, and the setting sun
Sinks down in the China Sea,

And the first faint breeze through the highest
trees
Is speaking to you and me.

And soon we'll hear the balm to the ear,
Of "Halt!" "Dismount!" and then —
But what is this to spoil that bliss
To the souls of tired men?

A body lies 'neath the twilight skies
Just ahead beside the trail,
And hacked and cut in a bloody rut
Stares up in the daylight pale.

'Tis a fellow who (a bunkie to you)
You had talked to in the morn;
Now there he lay in the evening gray
Cut mutilated and torn.

A month on the trail will seldom fail
To harden the soul of man,
And a friend found dead with a grass-stuffed head,
To soothe you—it hardly can.

And the lizards mock in the growing dark,
And the pale moon laughs in scorn,
And the fevered sod bears the curse of God,
And may claim you ere the morn.

The earth seems black from front to back,
“ God’s Country ” is far away,
Revenge is sweet, and here ’tis mete
It should come ere another day.

.

(ONE MONTH LATER.)

And of course that’s how they raised such a row,
From ’Frisco to Boston-town,
And the papers lied and the ladies cried
For our “ poor little brothers brown.”

THE ARMY GROWL

*Oh beware of the cock that never crows,
Of the bird without a song;
Oh beware of the duck with never a quack—
There is something radically wrong.*

*Oh beware of the dog without a bark,
Of the snake without a hiss—
And—beware of the soldier without a growl—
Above all remember this.*

He'll growl when he answers reveille,
He'll growl when the lamps are lit,
He'll growl when he has to groom his horse,
He'll growl when he "strikes the grit."

He'll growl 'cause the W. C. T. U.
Have stolen his booze and beer,
And he has to go to a native shack
For "beno's" poison cheer.

He'll growl when he's up to his knees in mud,
In the paddy's sticky mire;

He'll growl 'bout the " niggers " he has to chase
'Neath the tropic's scorching fire.

He'll growl in the rainy season when
He's wet the live-long day,
He'll growl if the weather's hot and dry,
For the fever's holding sway.

He'll growl when he's in the " calaboose,"
For getting a little drunk ;
He'll growl at the government beans and slum,
The java and spuds and punk.

He'll growl at " the top " whom he doesn't love
(And the captain on the side),
He'll growl about inspections
And the length of the water ride.

But—he'll live on " emergency ration,"
Where the average man would die,
Or hike all day in a tropic sun
Though his throat is hot and dry.

Or walk his post through the long wet night
'Neath the gloom of the dripping palm,
While the fever's burning his very soul,
Though his face is set and calm.

Yes—he'll charge 'neath a hotter fire than
E'er welcomed the Light Brigade,
And hold a trench with the easy grace
Of militia on parade.

Or 'tend to a wounded comrade who
Has dropped with a shattered knee—
(And at roll it's "*Here*" to Bunkie's name
If Bunkie is on a spree).

So give 'im his growl (but don't *you* howl),
And let him whene'er he can,
For he sure has enough to make him gruff—
The Regular Army Man.

*Oh beware of the cock that never crows,
Of the bird without a song;
Oh beware of the duck with never a quack,
There is something radically wrong.*

*Oh beware of the dog without a bark,
Of the snake without a hiss,
And—beware of the soldier without a growl—
Above all remember this.*

A SOUTHERN PHILIPPINE GUARD

Did you ever pike a post,
When the morn was come almost,
And that lonely light to eastward tells the dawning
of the day?
All the rest the world's asleep,
And the shadows seem most deep,
And the Moros of the southern isles turn Mecca-
ward to pray.

Southward toward Celebes,
O'er the glassy tropic seas,
You can almost smell the spices and the jungle
odors rare;
And from eastern Mindanao
Down to little green Bongao
Stately palms are gently swaying in the flower-
scented air.

And you're treading back and forth,
Glancing west and south and north,
And the faint lights to the eastward mark the
mountains' deeper gloom:

While upon the coral beach,
Twixt the parrots' rising screech,
You can hear the steady cadence of the South
Sea's surly boom.

Where the outer shadows meet,
You may hear the tom-tom's beat
From a shack upon the hillside, or the beach a
mile away ;
In the West still reigns the night,
In the East a pearly light
Is proclaiming the approaching of another tropic
day.

And a hush is on your soul,
And the warm sea's silent roll
Bears you eastward, eastward, eastward, 'cross the
leagues of swelling foam ;
For you seem to slowly rise,
And transported through the skies,
You are borne to "God's Country"—you are
borne back to home.

Back ten thousand miles to where
Lies a green land over there,
And the faces and the houses nod and beckon left
and right—

But a palm-limb's falling thud
Checks your dream-enchanted blood—
And the parrots screech more loudly, and the
world is growing light.

HIKING

Oh, it's hiking, hiking, hiking—hiking the live-long day;
And it's pouring, pouring, pouring from the heavens leaden gray;
And it's eighty miles from quarters, and eight thousand miles from home;
And you're hungry, wet and tired, and you roam, roam, roam.

.

Two good feet deep the waters lie
In the paddies soggy bare,
And two miles high the floods come down
Through the stifling tropic air.

And two by two in dun and blue,
With shoulders hunched and wet,
The half-starved troopers sodden ride,
On mounts more sodden yet.

It's splash and thud and splash and thud,
All down along the line,
(Cold water's ooze in army shoes
Is something *very* fine).

No pipe will stand a pour like this,
No bird dares sing a song,
No cheerful sound can emanate
From that line thin and long.

The damp winds sneak with sickly shriek
Through clumps of bare bamboo,
And the fire-tree ('twixt thou and me)
Is really rather blue.

“Emergency ration” four days out
Does fall a trifle flat,
And the troop all swear it's chicken-food,
That's made by Mr. Pratt.

No booze in sight, no bunk in sight,
No chew, no smoke, no sleep,
And a bunch of “niggers” off a way,
There in the jungle deep.

They're slippery eels o' summer;
They hate a krag or "gun,"
They stab behind (if they've the odds),
And then they up and run.

"Amigo" to your face, forsooth,
Or when you spend the dough,
But a red-hand "katipunan" when
You turn around to go.

• • • • • • • •
A score of miles since early morn,
The same ere close of night,
A comrade's life to be avenged,
A hate both just and right.

A grumble and a look ahead,
A "column right" or "left,"
A low bough hanging o'er the trail,
A ducking quick and deft.

The horse behind is splashing mud
Right down your blooming neck,
And a prickly branch has whipped your side
And left your shirt a wreck.

Ye gods! in truth, 'tis warfare this;
No charge across a plain—
Excitement of the moment 'midst
The shouts of martial strain.

But hunt, hunt, hunt, and plod, plod, plod,
O'er the trail without an end,
After the "insurrectos"—
For that's the word they send

From "The Palace" in Manila;
They've clicked it o'er the wire,
And we hit the trail and never fail
To do as they desire.

• • • • • • • • •
Oh, it's hiking, hiking, hiking—hiking the live-
long day;
And it's pouring, pouring, pouring from the
heavens leaden gray;
And it's eighty miles from quarters, and eight
thousand miles from home;
And you're hungry, wet and tired, and you
roam, roam, roam.

THE NIGHT REST

When the first stars light and the gloom of night
Falls over the paddies bare,
When the lizards mock and the mongrels bark,
And cooler grows the air—

When the tropic heat has ceased to beat
With vengeance fierce as fire ;
And the swaying palm in the growing calm
Has lulled your tepid ire.

When you hear the munch and the steady crunch
Of the horses grazing near ;
And the rhythmic tread like muffled lead
Of the sentry's pacing drear—

When you hit the trail till the last lights fail ;
And you know you've earned a rest ;
When the chill night air o'er paddies bare
Make blankets doubly blest—

And the evening breeze—with head at ease
In a saddle's sunken seat—
And you watch afar and greet each star
As a friend—old, loved, discreet—

When each bright light in the vaulted night
Looks down on your fevered face:
When you forget the day's regret,
And your hate for the island race—

When the monkey's speech and the parrot's screech
Is hushed till another day;
When the East is black where the bamboos crack,
And the West has a streak of gray. . . .

• • • • • • • • • •

Oh the soothing balm of the quiet calm
Of the glorious star-strewn shore;
And a little space, by Night's good grace,
From the scenes of a tropic war.

MAIL-DAY IN THE PHILIPPINES

Clatter, clatter, nearer, nearer,
Comes the sound of horses' feet
From Manila-way ashastening,
Down the dusty village street.

Why from quarters, shacks and stables,
Why from near and far away,
Stream the soldiers shouting welcome
To the rider, dusty gray?

E'en the cook lets drop the ladle,
Handle first into the slum;
E'en the sick raise on their elbows
When those clattering hoof-beats come.

E'en the commissary sergeant,
Quick forgetting troubles all,
Drops "invoices" and "returns," and
Comes arunning at the call.

While across the way the captain,
From his quarters looking o'er,
Seems impatiently awaiting,
Pray what is he looking for?

Stoops the rider from his saddle,
Throwing down a canvas bag,
Stained and dirty, striped and lettered,
“ U. S. Mail ” (the blessed rag).

Then the troop-clerk, ostentatious,
Opens up the bag and then,
Crowding round him breathless, noiseless,
Surge a silent sea of men.

Standing shoulder rubbing shoulder,
Upturned faces anxious drawn,
Listening for their names and watching
’Till the last white missive’s gone.

Next a scatt’ring back to quarters,
Where the bunks are promptly “ hit,”
Then an opening of the letters,
Which a month ago were writ.

“Broncho” Bill with index-finger
Runs along each precious line,
And a smile is softly growing
O'er those features rough as pine.

And “the Kid” has got a photo
That he's eyeing awful well,
’Tis a picture of—oh really,
It is hardly fair to tell.

Private Brown—’tween slow-turned pages—
Stares beyond the paddied line:
But the blood-pride of the ages
Chokes the rising outer sign.

Sergeant Smith, an old campaigner,
Shows with pride a golden curl
To his bunkie, speaking husky,
“From my precious little girl.”

Thompson has a box of candy,
And his popularity
(Which was never much to brag of)
Has developed wonderfully.

“ Bowery Pete ” quite freely tells you
He’s a letter from his “ goil ; ”
And he’d like to put you next that
She is sure a little “ poil.”

Little Johnson’s reading closely,
Little Johnson’s eyes are wet,
Now he’s staring out the window,
And his look is sort of set.

Some are laughing, some are eating,
Some are reading, some are glad,
Some are talking, some are singing,
Some—well, some look kind of bad.

THE BOSOBOSO TRAIL

Ask the men of "I" troop,
Ask the men of "L,"
How they struck the rugged trail
When the twilight fell.

White and clear the stars shone
In the coming night;
Westward o'er Manila
Lingered yet the light.

News of trouble spreading
'Cross the mountains fast,
Treacherous Bosoboso
Is the culprit last.

Stable, horse and saddle,
Spur and carbine stout;
Antipolo watching
As the troops ride out.

Black the night falls faster,
Black the mountains rise,
And the forest shutting
Out the star-flecked skies.

Know ye tropic jungles,
When the sun is set,
And the gloom lies heavy,
Stifling, black and wet?

In the light of noon-day
Troopers curse and rail
At the bough-hung, winding
Bosoboso trail.

In the jungle nightfall
Naught the eye may see,
Shelving rock and gulley,
Root and bough of tree.

This the men of “I” troop,
And the men of “L,”
Of the good Fifth Cavalry
Struck as evening fell.

And dismounting each one
Slowly leads a horse,
Grasping tail of beast ahead—
Plunging o'er the course—

Chargers tramping on you
When the column stops;
Straining weary sockets
When it forward rocks.

If you lose your leader—
If your footing fail—
Lost the column plunges
From the inky trail.

In a gloom where owls might
Hardly hope to see;
Stumbling, crashing over
Rock and fallen tree.

'Midst the fevered blackness
Of the jungle's heart;
From all human feelings
Torn far apart.

Plunging mad and weary,
Bruised and full of hate;
Knowing, caring little
Where the “ umbres ” wait.

Cursing “ insurrectos,”
And the lights that fail;
Cursing low and stoutly
Bosoboso’s trail.

PHILIPPINE TWILIGHT

Slowly the sun is sinking,
Slowly the lights grow dim;
Slowly down in the tropic sea
Droppeth the burning rim.

Slowly the farther islands
Melt in the mellow maze;
Slowly out on the whitened walls
The lizards creep to gaze.

Slowly the snowy parrots
Sweep to their jungle rest.
Slowly the gold and crimson
Fade in the darkening west.

Slowly the tasseled palm-leaves
Sway in the evening breeze.
Slowly the old familiar stars
Rise o'er the tallest trees.

Slowly the hike and skirmish,
Fever and burning days,
Treachery, hate and malice,
Melt in the evening haze.

Slowly the Visions wander
Over the alien sea—
Faces and towns and rivers ;
Known to you and me.

Slowly they nestle with us,
There in the tropic night ;
Strengthening, soothing, helping,
Seeing our three-fold fight.

Slowly the flaming fire-tree
Turns to a sombre pine.
Slowly the purple clusters
Grow on the barren vine.

Slowly the distant parrots—
Specks in the darkening sky—
Melt into homing swallows,
Over the jungle high.

Slowly the rice-grown paddies,
Wave with the western wheat.
Slowly the scent of violets
Sweetens the humid heat.

Slowly the clouds rose-tinted
Change to the faces we
Left in a white man's country,
Over the ashen sea.

Slowly the lingering lilac
Fades in the western sky:
Heavy the stifling gloom falls—
Night—and the Visions die.

THE BENO CURSE

Four we held the lurching litter:
Five they held him in his place:
Dark and crimson, wild and fighting,
Bloody eyes and bloated face.

“ ’Nother case,” the surgeon muttered,
When they lifted him abed.
Just the “ Barbary Coast ” of ’Frisco—
Just a taste of “ Dago Red.”

.

Up the transport’s ladder struggling,
Four to one they slip and slide.
Two steps up, and one returning,
Bumping ’gainst the vessel’s side:

Filled with Nagasaki “ saki ”—
Swearing, cursing, sweating cold—

Knotted muscles, purple, straining,
Roped and thrown down the hold.

• • • • •

We have seen the curse of nations,
'Bove and 'neath the sweltering Line—
Lilac, crimson, white and amber,
Dark and murky, crystal fine.

Juices of the bulb and berry,
Where the jungle flower grows:
Blood of palms, slow-tapped and silent,
Where the phosphor ocean glows.

1

Juices of the grain and vineyard,
Sweet and bitter, dark and light;
Where the Dipper arches northward,
Pale and shining, fair and white.

But in Beno's grip imprisoned—
Water-colored, harmless, clear—
We have seen the strong men sinking,
Month by month and year by year.

We have seen the bronzed campaigner,
We have seen the beardless cheek,
Earn the eyes that lack the lustre,
Lose the lips that mark the weak.

We have seen the hands of giants
Tremble like a child with chills,
Till, befuddled, wan and wandering,
Crazed, they sought the silent hills.

(Yes, we know them east and westward,
Amber, crimson, white and clear:
Yes, we've seen the fiends incarnate
Lift the burning levels near):

But, we've watched the silent sinking,
Day by day the seasons through;
We have seen the slow damnation:
(Beno, here's a health to you!)

SOMEONE'S GOT A MANDOLIN

(PHILIPPINE TRANSPORT BALLAD)

*Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
Jolly little tinkler talks most surprising plain:
“ You've done your work—in fact—done it rather
well;
And now you're really honest truly going home
again.”*

Dusk is slowly settling and we're loafing on the
deck,

Looking most contented out across the leaden
sea.

Duty done and getting dark—(rather dark for
cards)—

And just a line of lazy smoke arolling by the lee.

*Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
(Funny how a mandolin can search a soldier's
soul):*

Kind of up and talks to you when day begins to fail,
And you're heading homeward on the long Pacific roll.

Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
Tinkling of the days behind—the skirmish in the rain—
Soggy paddies full of rice and nipa shacks and palms—
“Humbres” given to the ants and “humbres” you've slain.

Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
Seems to sort of sing along with flying-fish and foam:
Kind of makes you blink a bit—(it's cinders from the stack)—
And jingles mighty plainly of the people over home.

Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
Jolly little mandolin—crazy little soul:
Says the salt air's eating out the fever in our bones—
Mustn't mind at lacking thirty pounds o' being whole.

Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
Singing we're heading east to where God's Coun-
try lies:
Laughing we'll fatten-up on tenderloin and milk,
Canvasback and terrapin, batter-cakes and pies.

Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
Plaintive little mandolin—sort o' soft and low—
Says in just a little while we'll see 'em all again—
Mustn't fret because the transport's running
rather slow.

(“Mustn't fret, no mustn't fret,”—the flying-
fish reply,
“Though you left him buried there behind the
bare bamboo”:
“Mustn't fret, no mustn't fret”—the little white-
caps cry,
“But gulp it down and think about the ones
awaiting you”).

Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:
Laughing up the leaden lift and sighing down
the roll—
Other days and other ways—ahead, astern, adrift—
Is it wood and strings or *has* the chubby thing a
soul?

Someone's got a mandolin—over by the rail:

Jolly little tinkler talks most surprising plain:—
“ You've done your work—in fact—done it rather
well;

And now you're really honest truly going home
again! ”

THE ISLANDS' HAND

Five thousand miles they've left them
O'er phosphor-streaking ocean ;
Five thousand miles of rollers,
 And flying-fish and whale ;
And gulls around the topmast
And sharks around the rudder—
And sixteen days of steaming
 With never sight of sail.

Two years—or five—or twenty
This side the sunset ocean ;
Two years—or five—or twenty
 They've left the Islands' care.
Men call them hale and hearty—
And laugh about the Islands ;
(Men laugh about the Islands
 Who've never soldier'd there.)

Men call them “ health's reflection,”
And joke of their “ excursion,”
For they're strong and hardy
 And lift the hours through.

Though of those who've trailed the Islands
With the fever eating inward,
They're little asking sympathy
Of little thinking you.

But the Islands' hand is on them,
(Be the cycles two or twenty—
And the span of buffer ocean
Five thousand miles between);
When the days are running lightest—
And life is worth the living,
The Islands' hand descendeth—
Dull-throbbing—sharp and keen.

Unpensioned—undesiring—
They're smiling in your faces;
They're jesting, dancing, laughing—
With the old ache burning there.
It will lift—mayhap—to-morrow—
To return when unexpected;
To return when least desired,
Just to smite you unaware.

Five thousand miles of ocean,
And the buffer years arolling,
And the silent seasons waking
In the Land of Little Care:

Men call them hale and hearty—
And laugh about the Islands:
(Men laugh about the Islands
Who've never soldier'd there.)

“TAPS”

We've heard it in the mountains,
We've heard it in the vale,
We've heard it in the times of peace,
And when the war-dogs trail.
We've heard it in the jungle,
We've heard it on the snows,
We've heard it—yes—'most everywhere,
And we love it—God knows.

We've heard it, and it stood for
A little rest and sleep,
When the twinkling sentries overhead
Their “post” and “orders” keep.
When the great war-god Orion
Looked down from out the night,
And bade us think of those at home
Beneath another light.

We've heard it when we bivouacked
Behind the day's alarm:
We've heard it when we buried him
Beneath the tropic palm:

We've heard it on the transport,
We've heard it on the plain,
We've heard it in the islands
'Midst the fever and the rain.

We've heard it—and the ringing
Down through the countless years,
Will take us back to war and strife,
To love and joy and tears.
And when the Last Great Muster
Shall find us on the roll,
We *hope* they're blowing Taps again—
To speed a soldier's soul.

THE REGULAR CAVALREE

Eyes and ears of the army,
Galloping wild and free,
Feelers and nerves of the central head,
Muddy and swearing and spattered red
With blood of the wounded and dying and dead,
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Flanking the battery's belching blaze,
Crash! and the gunners flee:
Then—off—and away we go—
Down on the infantry's flanks we blow—
Pistol and sabre laying them low—
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Watch the troop-train passing by,
Up from the port of the sea;
Down like the eagle in swiftest flight—
Sweeping the plain in our gallant might,

And the enemy curse for their fast to-night—
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Dripping palm and tropic sun,
(Remembered by you and me),
Riding the trails we learned to hate—
“Emergency Rations” ten days straight—
And the fever that cometh soon or late—
To the Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

Pennsylvania Avenue,
The Great Man’s escort we;
Polished and clanking and looking our best,
Cursing the work for a beastly pest;
The pride of the Nation are riding abreast—
The Regular Cavalree, Hurrah!
The Regular Cavalree!

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES *

Mighty scribes of inky prowess, mighty generals of
the pen,
From your fortress desks ye've hurtled, 'gainst a
splendid man of men,
All your quibs and shafts of laughter, all your
venom small and mean,
To amuse a certain public, slandering, but yet un-
seen.

When ye fed upon a bottle, when ye walked the
city street,
When ye lived in ease and comfort, speeding
pleasure's hours fleet,
When ye led the light cotillion, when ye ate three
“squares” a day,
When at ball, in gold and medals, ye were flirting
hours away,

* On his retirement.

He was fighting where the slaughter of a brothers'
war ran high,

On those crimson fields of horror, 'neath a sunny
southern sky.

He was chasing the Apache 'cross the choking
khaki plain,

In the land of rock and sage-brush, alkali and little
rain.

He—as the commanding general—in his later hon-
ored days,

Held the rank, but hampered ever—snub and
censure—seldom praise.

Misdemeanor or dishonor at his door was never
lain,

But ye dig your quills the deeper, shrieking,
“Vain! Ambitious! Vain!”

Ask the brown and hardened trooper dating back
to Wounded Knee,

Ask the old who fought in '60, ask the young across
the sea.

They will answer, for they know him—tempered—
tested—tried and true—

Honor to his flag and country and the blood-
bathed army blue.

THE EX-SOLDIER'S TRIP BACK

Five thousand miles from the latest styles,
And the grind and the thumping roar,
And the lucre race and the thin-souled face,
And the lust of more and more.

Five thousand miles, where the shack-topped piles
Stand out in the open bay:
And the fish traps reach from the coral beach
To the up-coast current's sway.

We'll go again to the sun and rain—
To the flood and the river drouth—
To the broken seas and the scented breeze—
And the Cross in the vaulted south.

In the darkened gloom of the jungle tomb,
Where the fern-crotched giants spread—
And the trailing vine and the branches twine
We'll waken the echoes dead.

We'll answer the screech of the parrot's speech—
And the ape in the highest limb;
As he swings in the air we scarcely care
To scorn or pity him.

We'll lie in the sift of the sandy drift
Where the beach is white and wide;
Stark naked there in the soothing air
By the wash of the pearl-flecked tide.

We'll laugh in ease as the tasseled trees
Throw shadows across the sand—
We'll shout in glee to the dancing sea,
And the hours out-of-hand.

We'll ride the trails when the sunset fails
'Twixt the isles of the farther west;
And the clumped bamboo that the winds sift
through
As they lag from the highest crest.

We'll scent the must of the paddies' dust—
(Remembering labors old)—
We'll feel the heat of the village street
When the skies are copper-gold.

When the day is done we'll watch the sun
Sink down in a gilded sea;
And the saffron sky fade out and die
And the crimson embers flee.

While the lizards mock in the sultry dark
From under the nipa eaves,
We'll laugh again with the homeless men,
Ere the north-bound mail-boat leaves.

When the lights are low and the phosphor glow
Is washing the outer piers—
We'll gaze afar o'er the wave-kissed bar,
And dream of the distant years.

The former days and the former ways—
And the strong and the weak we knew—
Each little thing the old sights bring
With the soft Trades sifting through.

The last lights fail o'er the well-known trail:
We'll see it all again
Through the crowding years of smiles and tears,
The blue and the white-clothed men:

(The month-long chase of the island race
That stab by dark and fly,
The running fight and the watching night
And the shadows gliding by.)

The sough of the trees in the evening breeze—
The distant tom-tom's beat—
The chill of the rain on the rice-soaked plain,
And the stench of the village street.

We'll walk once more on the coral shore,
'Neath the blaze of the copper skies :
We'll hear again the weird refrain
Where the shack in the palm-grove lies.

We'll live the ways of the yesterdays—
Each sound and scent and sight :
Though cynics deride, we are satisfied
Our choice is made aright.

MAJOR SOUR

*If any doubt this little tale,
Some several hundred men,
As scattered through this lovely land
Will prove the writer's pen.*

Once in the far-famed Philippines,
When war was sometimes rife,
There reigned an army officer,
Who dearly loved his life.

He held a little four-walled town,
And kept it neat and clean :
But when the soldiers hit the hills—
His Grace was seldom seen.

Now Major Sour was a man
Large-bellied, bold and grand ;
With whiskers white and haughty mien
That spake, “ I rule the land.”

He regulated what should be
The market-price of fruit:
Which way the inside gate-guard faced
When making his salute.

(And let us pause to here remark,
With no equivocations,
His law upon the latter was
Opposed to “Regulations”).

He worried lest a Moro kid
Should 'neath his jacket hold
A mango knife—or opium
For Chinos bad and bold.

He toadied to the Sultan
Lest any harm draw near—
And bound poor little Jolo down
From land-gates to the pier.

He fretted lest the weeds should grow
Within the flowered park.
And had his vigilantes guard
His door-steps after dark.

And if a Moro, through the wall,
 Stood looking rather grim,
Three companies and gatlings twain
 Were straightway hurled at him.

But when the soldiers left the town,
 He kept behind a guard;
And trembling (for his army's fate),
 He paced Headquarter's yard.

.

Oh Major Sour, when we stop
 To think of you—we're fain
To hold our splitting sides with mirth,
 And laugh and laugh again.

ARMY BEANS

You may dilly-dally knife and fork
In delicacies delicious,
And in patè, duck and terrapin and know if they're
right.
You may criticise—expostulate—
And figit with your oysters,
While yearning dishes for a satiated appetite.

Army Beans? Oh *they're* vulgar—
Pos-i-tive-ly really common—
In fact they're *most* plebeian—if you hanker for
the truth.
So very inexpensive,
And the recipe is simple;
For they bake and ship 'em 'round the world to
feed the Great Uncouth.

Well, dander with your “delicacies”—
Of course, you're welcome to 'em—
But sometimes when it seems to me I kind o' want a
“feed”:

I go and order army beans—
A soup-plate full and brimming—
And—if you think it dreadful—why you needn't
look, indeed.

They're brown and plump and steaming—
They're luscious, large and lovely—
And the restaurant and waiters slowly melt and
fade away:
And a hazy shadow's rising
Like a mirage on the ocean—
It's a palm-grove gently bending o'er a coral-bitten
bay.

And the flying-fish are flitting
In and out the rain-bow waters,
And the beach is white and gleaming 'neath an
empty purple sky:
And the tasseled fronds are droning
Through the endless end-world stillness,
'Till the night-wind's weary wailing wakes the tom-
tom's deep reply.

'Till the yellow grass is rustling
With the feet of fifty horses—
'Till fifty weary troopers drop from fifty weary
backs:

And fifty hungry, munching mouths,
(Just barring-out the sentries),
Are stuffed and crammed with army beans exuding
from the cracks.

Yes—they've stood us rather handy
In the lurching transport galley:
Yes—they've stood us rather neatly—'neath the
fern-crotched jungle trees:
On mountain trail, in paddy vale,
And through the shack-rimmed alley;
In cholera camp and bivouac, where falls the fe-
vered breeze.

They've sought the deepest crevices—
'Tween ribs we saw and counted:
Though vulgar, coarse and common they've backed
us in a need:
And the flavor and the savor
Sort o' bring a funny quaver—
And I think as no one's looking—I'll sneak in a
while and "feed."

BUGLES CALLING

Up above the roaring traffic—
Where the caverns rise—
Shrill and piercing, clear and cutting,
Through the smoky skies—
Bugles calling, bugles calling,
Over land and sea—
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Little men and little madness—
Sordid greed and gain—
Till we hear the bugles leaping
Down the asphalt lane:
Till the reeking towers vanish
And the winds waft free,
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

Once again familiar faces
Beckon o'er the ways;
Once again with stirrups touching
Ride the yesterdays.

Olden friends and love and laughter—

 Proved sincerity

Bugles calling, calling, calling,

Bugles calling me.

Once again the trails are burning

 'Neath a tropic sun:

Once again the plains are baking

 Where no rivers run:

Once again the old ambitions

 Whisper longingly

Bugles calling, calling, calling,

Bugles calling me.

Once again the vine-choked jungle

 'Bove the swollen stream—

Once again the silken rustle

 Where the bamboos gleam:

Once again the snowy coral

 Laughing by the sea

Bugles calling, calling, calling,

Bugles calling me.

Once again the running skirmish

 'Neath the mid-day glare:

Once again the midnight mountains

 When the fires flare:

Once again the careless columns
Laughing wearily
Bugles calling, calling, calling,
Bugles calling me.

By the high-hoped days behind us—
By the years we knew—
By the heart-whole life they lent us,
Ringing fair and true
Bugles calling, bugles calling,
Over land and sea—
Bugles calling—calling—calling—
Bugles calling me.

HEROES

Here and there and everywhere—
Ever the story's told:
By pen and tongue their song is sung,
As is your want of old
Your want is good—though ye forget
The nameless manifold.

But the off-shore breeze of the silent seas
Is whispering through the night;
And if you list to the tree-tops' tryst—
And if you hear aright—
You'll learn again through the wind and rain
The tale of the distant fight.

You'll know once more the cannons' roar
And the flare of the long lean guns:
You'll watch them fall by the outer wall
Where the red-choked river runs:
You'll see them die as the lines roar by—
The bravest of our sons.

Go where the sage-brush dots the plain
White-parched with alkali—
And the thin coyote and the tumbled rock
 And the burning copper sky—
To Apache and Comanche who
 Can show you where they lie.

Go skirt the East to the outer isles,
 And the blaze of the fire-tree—
And the swaying palm and the coral beach
 And the lift of the flame-streaked sea—
To where the bare bamboos stand guard
 Through all eternity.

By rock-bound plain and heat-bound trail
 And the stench of the paddies' mire ;
By blizzard blast and blazing sun,
 And the tropic's fevered fire—
Unmarked they lie beneath the sky
 To prove The Strong Desire.

AN EXILE

He's looking out across the bay
Where the sunset fires fail—
He's staring far behind the hills
Beyond the Outer Pale—
He's put his world behind him in
The East-bound steamer's trail.

The fetid heat—the fetid life—
The fetid fever too—
The long checked paddy stretches,
And the quivering dome of blue—
The creeping carabao sledge,
And the shacks of split bamboo.

He cannot tell the Occident
The *feeling* of the East.
He can't describe the deathly calm
When every wind has ceased
And the lizards crawl through the nipa wall
To snatch their living feast.

He can't describe the stillness
 Of the endless tropic day.
He's 'most forgotten there's a land
 Where people really pray.
He only knows the brazen heat
 And the careless, calm dismay.

The parrots mock him overhead—
 The lizards 'neath the eave—
The fever calls him for her own—
 (*She* never will deceive)—
And the days are months and the months are years
 That scorn the last reprieve.

Then—if you have a soul at all—
 And if you ever Care—
And if you have a little time—
 (Which you can surely spare)—
For God's sake drop a letter to
 An exile over there.

THE MACHINE GUN

I'm watching how the gallant lines
 Come bravely forging forward:
I gurgle with the gunner filling breech and taking
 sight:
And when the long flat fronts appear
 At just the proper distance,
They let me loose—and none go back to boast
 about the fight.

I'm spitting through the tropic gloom—
 The fever-laden stillness—
I hew the lean, swarth runners down behind the
 bare bamboo
I strew them thick across the deck
 In reeking, writhing torture,
And stop the final struggles with an extra shot or
 two.

I'm landing with the first marines—
 They couldn't do without me—
I open up an alley from the water to the town.

I clear the roofs and gates and walls—
No hidden hole escapes me—
And then I take a breath and watch the colors
coming down.

I'm sweeping o'er the charging plain—
The brave and young and careless—
I drop them gently over like the grass beneath
the scythe
I'm shrieking down the fighting-tops
To catch the hidden gunners,
For the demon blood is in me and I love to see
them die.

I'm choking up the narrow pass—
The narrow pass before me—
Awhile the pallid peaks peer down in horror and
dismay:
Leonidas and every band
In history or in story,
They could not hold the red defile as I have done
to-day.

The loosened rock, the boomerang,
The sword and lance and arrow—
The dagger, pike and hand-grenade—the arquebus
and gun—

I trace a lineage long and proud
That man has hewn for me—
And now I stand the Lord of War, blood-reeking
'neath the sun.

REGULAR AND MILITIAMAN

THE MILITIAMAN SPEAKS

You're really most unpolished and
 You seem a trifle tough;
Your ways are not the ways of us—
 You're rather brief and bluff.
Your uniform is awfully plain—
 Your campaign hat's a sight—
Your leggings they are washed until
 You've bleached 'em nearly white.

And some of you tobacco chew!
 And smoke and drink and swear!
And sit a horse or caisson just
 As if you "didn't care."
You lack the really proper stride,
 And cut and dress and style—
And seldom (but among yourselves)
 You speak or joke or smile.

THE REGULAR ANSWERS

Yes Handsome Harry with your stride
 And military air—

Your waving plume and corded coat,
And trousers pressed with care;
Your well-provisioned summer camp,
For ladies' lavish praise—
Or prancing aft a braying band
Adown the curb-stoned ways.

Perhaps we are a little tanned—
A little careless too—
Perhaps you've said a trifle that
Is really rather true;
But come with us and live with us,
And march and laugh and cry;
And joke with us and hate with us,
And fight and starve and die.

Come where the same low rolling plains,
The same old sky lines meet;
The same old rock and sage-brush hide
The same old gila's feet;
The same coyote's nerve-piercing note,
When the copper skies turn blue;
And the same parade and guard and drill,
The long long seasons through.

Come where beneath the dripping palms
The stinking marshes rise;

Across the trampled paddies 'neath
The burning tropic skies.
Beyond the farther ocean when
The lines of phosphor glow—
To where the pale and mighty Cross
Reflects the southern snow.

To where the careless combers o'er
The coral caverns roll;
To where the fetid fever burns
Your head and heart and soul.
To where the laws of God and man—
Of truth and faith and right—
Are churned with Asian guilt and guile,
Starvation, march, and fight.

If you would up and go with us
Across the sunset sea—
If you would taste a bit of it
With careless, candid We;
If you would buckle-up with us
In mud and alkali—
You'd learn a *soldier's* answer, and—
You'd *know* the reasons why.

THE NEWER SCHOOL OF POETRY

The men of the Newer School—All hail!
That race with the roaring flood,
The men of the newer living school,
That quicken the slackened blood.

The men of the Older School—for they
The overcultured few—
The long ambiguous drawn lines
Of pale æsthetic hue.

The slaves of meter, who sacrifice
For a technically perfect stress
The salt and the savor—the blood and the iron—
Of things we love and bless.

The poets erratic, pedantic and strange,
Uncanny—unkempt—uncouth—
With songs of the seasons and flowers and love,
Or a deep and unfathomable truth.

So here's to the men of the quickening pulse—
The newer and stronger school:
And here's to the songs of the living world—
Past cant and the pedagogue rule.

To the men of the Newer School—All hail!
From the Horn to the Naked Naze:
With the breath of the brine in every line,
As the feathering combers raise.

With the scent of the flowers among the palms
When the cockatoo homeward flies:
Or the moan of the pine 'neath the Arctic line,
When the shuddering daylight dies.

They're bending the Poles to the burning Belt,
For the eyes of the lesser blest;
With a mightier girth they girdle the earth,
And the peoples of East and West.

L'ENVOI.

The men of the Newer School—All hail!
From the Gulf to the Baltic Sea:
The men of the Newer School, dear boys,
For stupid old you and me.

WAR

And shall we have eternal peace—
Will yet the nations stand
Unarmed through endless eons on,
Bound hearts and hand to hand?
The question rang through timeless space,
And the outer answer came
Through spaceless time the droning rhyme
The answer and the blame:

*So long as the stately Cross stands south
And the Dipper swings the north,
So long will the Young Men leap afresh
When the war drums rattle forth.
New life—new love—new blood—new hope—
And the skies are leaden rain—
But ever they rush where the front lines crush
Again and yet again.*

And we caught the solemn whisper
Through the drift of the driven roar,
And we let them prattle lasting peace,
We knew the answer—War.

And we watched the riven country
Weld fast at the outer breath—
And we saw brave eyes 'neath shot-swept skies—
And we bowed to embattled Death.

• • • • • • •

*When the cave-man killed his brother,
When the tribes slew one another,
When the glaciers first receded
It was war.
As it was in the beginning—
We have heard the prophets singing—
As it was in the beginning,
And shall be forevermore.*

MUSIC

'Twixt God and Man a closer span,
Half human half divine:
The lilt that lies beyond the skies
To lift us o'er the Line.
Both last and first to quench the thirst
With long forsaken thought;
And lure us there in higher air,
Where noble deeds are wrought.

To buoy youth with stronger truth,
And large ambition's fire:
To help the weak repentance seek,
And strengthen good desire:
To bring us back o'er trail and track,
O'er mountain, gulf and sea,
The mellow haze of other days
Now lost to you and me.

THE MILLIONAIRES

He died—The trumpets woke the hills—
The clarion voices sang.
From east and west and south and north
The world-wide echoes rang—
“ Financial King—Philanthropist—
‘ Power ’ and Millionaire ”—
But the Guardian Angel saw him not
As he was passing there.

He died—No echo woke the hills—
The World was mute and still.
None talked of *his* philanthropy—
(None heard or ever will).
But the Guardian Angel greeting gave,
And the dwellers over there
With eyes adim they welcomed him
For Heaven’s millionaire.

JOGGINS

Now Joggins wrought a wondrous scheme
 Most perfect, wise and great—
To transport logs by the open sea,
 South-bound and scorning freight.

So log by log and chain by chain
 He lashed the timbers tight,
And Nova Scotia bade God-speed
 As it cleared the farthest light.

And Joggins watched the vast beast bend
 On the tops of the tipsy sea,
And Joggins heard the crunching roar
 Like giants in agony.

And through the long black endless nights
 He saw it sink and rise;
He saw it roll on the smooth-backed swell
 Or lash 'neath the storm-swept skies.

He saw it crumple and straighten back,
And rush and jam again;
And he *felt* the laugh from the distant shore—
The scorn of his fellowmen.

But the many-bodied monster held
'Neath the curb of the crackling chain,
And the distant port was sighted now,
The sunshine after rain.

When, the sea rose high in its ancient might—
As the sea is wont to do—
And it watched the jam roll snug and tight
For the harbor headed true:

And the sea in anger snapped the chains
And flung the great logs wide—
And the world derisive, laughed again—
It laughed—and Joggins cried.

• • • • • • •
They hammered around the beetling Horn
In the teeth of the polar hail—
They drifted along by the ice-bound coast
In the shriek of the frozen gale.

Slowly but sure as the days endure
They crept to the tropic calm;
They lolled and rolled in the gold-streaked sea
By the fire-tree and palm.

They buckled back on a sightless track
Past Behring's lonely grave—
They prodded and rammed in the coast-wise drift
Where the North Lights leap and wave.

They turned again by the Spanish Main
And the isles of hidden gold;
They ran the Pillars of Hercules
To the lands that were of old.

They weathered the cape of the chattering ape—
They weathered the ice-bound floe—
And the upright penguin looked askance,
Surprised to see them go.

By Dipper and Cross and never a loss
They rolled with the ocean breeze—
By the Four Great Points they swept around
On the breast of the far-flung seas.

Till a message flashed—“ Note ye the place
That a log is seen of you: ”

And mariners marked the time and clime,
As they were told to do.

And scholars scanned the rude reports
Astreak with dirt and oil—
And lastly learned a lesson as
Reward of patient toil.

And they made a map of the mighty seas,
And stretched from shore to shore
They drew mysterious arrowed lines,
(Where nought had been before).

That stole around by the Arctic night,
And down to the coral strand ;
That swept again o'er the open main—
Uniting land and land.

That weathered the cape of the chattering ape—
That weathered the ice-bound floe—
And the upright penguin looked askance—
But *failed* to see them go.

• • • • • • •

So ships that haste from shore to shore,
Pursue the hidden tide ;

And the world derisive laughs no more—
That laughed—when Joggins cried.

For ships that haste from shore to shore,
They follow the arrows' strait:
And Joggins a human failure—
Is Joggins a patron saint.

THE SONG OF THE BATTLESHIP

*This is the song of the battleship—
King of the fighting line—
Broad and huge and massive,
Ploughing the white-flecked brine :
Rolling the coal black clouds abaft,
Belching fire and flame—
Death and red destruction for
The honor of our name.*

Oh the cruiser's mighty speedy,
And she can show her heels,
But a rattling rapid motion—
I don't know how it feels.
The cruiser she is graceful,
And long and high and fine,
But *I'm* the column's mainstay—
The bull-dog of the line.

Torpedo-boats and submarines
They flash and dart and glide ;
They plunge and hit and get away,
They break the battle's tide ;

They carry death's destruction,
They fight like little men,
But when they have to cut and run—
They seek my turrets, then.

The grey-hounds and the hornets
They scout and chase and fight;
We could not do without them
In the daytime or the night.
But the back-bone of the battle,
When the twelve-inch ravens fly,
Is where beneath my fighting-tops
You hear the battle-cry.

You see my low round turrets
Hurl flame and shot and shell—
You see through torn side and deck
My boilers' gaping hell—
You hear the roar and thunder
Of "six" and "eight" and "ten"—
You hear the cheer of victory—
The prayers of dying men.

And when the last faint echo
Has sped across the sea,
And when the last war-clouds have rolled
Abaft the squadron's lee,

They pat me and they praise me,
And they say things large and fine—
To the ugly broad and stumpy
Fighting bull-dog of the line.

*This is the song of the battleship—
A floating fortress great;
Massive, snarling, smoke-begrimed—
Defender of the State:
Lord of the red-embattled foam—
King of the crimsoned seas—
Where'er the conquering Stars and Stripes
Are flung to the battle breeze.*

AROLAS AT JOLO

(A TRUE TALE)

Hated by those in power high,
In the land that gave me birth,
They hunted the countries of East and West
For the vilest hole on earth.

They could not kill me there and then,
Without the large offence,
So they sought for the sickliest spot they knew,
And quickly sent me thence.

Then in Madrid they laughed and sneered,
And wagered their plundered gold,
On the number of months or weeks or days
From the fever's grip I'd hold.

And it grew to a joke on the laughing lips
Of the dukes and the high grandees,
Of the new command the king had found
For me in the phosphor seas.

Far down in the south of the Philippines,
On the coast of a fevered isle,
In the midst of the stench of a jungle-swamp,
In the heart of the tropic's bile:

In the land of the Moro and pirate and snake,
And the glare of the scorching sky,
They stationed Arolas, a general of Spain,
With a handful of men—to die.

So we fought the fanatics who came from the
hills,
And the pirates who came from the seas;
Then we turned on our last and our deadliest foe,
The fever that came on the breeze.

Sick'ning and toiling, we drained and filled,
Till acres of marsh turned land:
And the fever that reigned in the reeking place
Was choked with an iron hand.

Then we builded a wall with the bricks they sent,
And pieces of coral rock;
The better our dwindled band to guard
Against the Mohammedan flock.

Within the loop-holed walls we laid
Streets—shaded, graded, broad:
Cuartel and plaza—flowered parks—
Fit town for any lord.

Block-houses, light-house, waterworks:
Ten fathoms off the pier;
And virgin soil in the shaded vales,
And pearls in the waters near.

The weeks rolled by, and the months rolled by,
And the seasons slowly spent;
But never a word of me or mine,
On the home-bound mail-boat went.

Madrid perplexed, Manila-ward
Sent message o'er the sea—
“Arolas stationed to the South—
What news of him have ye? ”

Then from Manila down they came,
Gold-laced, officious, grand;
Wide-mouthed they gazed on street and park,
Wall, light-house, sea and land.

Well-ordered, cool, clean, healthy, strong—
They saw my place aright—
And in my gaunt and weathered face,
They read the fearful fight.

.

To-day I bowed before my King—
(The Nobles bowed to me)—
And Spain exultantly extols
My name from sea to sea.

OUR SHIPS OF GOOD INTENTION

Our Ship of Good Intentions—

We have seen it drift away,
We have watched it beating outward
Through the capes that bind the bay ;
And marooned upon an island,
With the weary wastes behind,
We have stood and gazed in torture
As it faded with the wind.

But again we fell the timber,
And again we plane and bend,
And again we mast and rig it,
(As we will unto the end) ;
And again, with Hope for pilot
And a rainbow 'round the bow,
We will launch and sail her seaward
'Neath our banner's burning vow.

.

Hard down the hulls are heaving
On the ocean's breaking breast;

Hard down they're going under
In the glowing of the west—
But, casting eyes to eastward
There above the Even Star,
Phantom keels are mounting upward,
Scorning rock and wind and bar.

Phantom keels and bellied canvas—
Bent spars before the wind—
And Fancy at the figure-head,
And never thought behind:
And laughing lights to leeward
O'er phosphor seas afire,
And faith and might to steer aright
To the Land of Our Desire.

CHRISTMAS GREETING

May the joys of Christmas bring
To your heart eternal Spring,
Though the ground is white and frozen where the
 flakes of winter fly
And adown the checkered years—
If betimes a shadow rears—
May your Yuletide glimmer brightly through the
 scarlet-dawning sky.

THE EMPIRE CITIES

*These are the songs we proudly sing—the Empire
cities eight—
For we stand for a land, broad, fertile, grand; and
rich and strong and great.*

NEW YORK.

I cast my eyes to eastward, and the sea gives up
its store;
I cast my eyes to westward where the mill and rail-
road roar,
And the riches of the Eastland and the treasures of
the West,
I pour across the stormy seas to nations lesser
blest.
And where spire and twenty-story building bite the
morning sky,
My thirty nations love and fight and live and toil
and die.

PHILADELPHIA.

I claim no thirty nations—I boast no violent
strife—

And they taunt me for my slowness and my
steady, quiet life,

But rich and poor and great and small, however
far they roam,

They cherish me and love me—for all that meaneth
Home.

And the loom and lathe and hammer turn and
pound the livelong day,

And a solid prosperous present blends with glorious
mem'ries gray.

WASHINGTON.

I hold the nation's destiny, I hold the people's
fate,

My mandates bind from old Cape Cod 'cross to the
Golden Gate,

And the mightiest nations of the earth beyond the
purple sea,

Their jeweled and ribboned ministers they eager
send to me.

And prince and king and emperor in fear or dread
or hate,

On word or ultimatum mine must patiently await.

CHICAGO.

The way unto the heartstrings of the animal called
Man
Is through his stomach—thus the very ancient
proverb ran.
So if any city of the earth deserves more love
than I,
It must be where the manna falls in showers from
the sky.
Duluth to Buffalo my ships sail o'er the saltless
seas,
And railroads sending food, bring gold, and give
my people ease.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Like Rome of old, on rugged hills, I sit in majesty,
And from my mighty cliffs look out across a sunset
sea,
And the riches of the Orient, silk, tea, pearl, jade
and spice,
Must enter through my Golden Gate, your cul-
tured to suffice.
And hidden batt'ries 'mong my cliffs inspect the
western sky,
For I watch the Asian millions with an ever wake-
ful eye.

HONOLULU.

The jewel of the Orient where the lava hot is
hurled,
I'm famed abroad the beauteous garden spot of all
the world.
Two thousand miles to eastward lies my mother
country great,
And to her I join the Philippines and watch the
islands' fate.
And the splendors of the Orient and glories of the
West,
Commingling with the flag I float, ordain me
triplly blest.

SITKA.

I guard the northern waters, I gather hide and fur,
I watch the poachers off the coast, and catch them
should they err.
And the glories of the Northern Lights above the
frozen sea,
Their dazzling scintillating flames are flashing far
and free.
The nations send their best and worst to me to
gather gold ;
And the snowy passes grimly grasp their victims
manifold.

MANILA.

Your farthest sentinel—I stand upon the Asian coast,
Headquarters for your Eastern trade and valiant khaki host;
And thirty miles across the bay beyond Corregidor
The ever troubled China Sea is lapping China's shore.
And Cebu hemp and Jolo pearls, Luzon tobacco too,
I ship to east and westward, and swell your revenue.

*This is the chorus where we join hands 'cross the land and sea,
For the fame we sing is a lasting thing, and helpeth thou and me.*

THE HEART OF THE ROVER

They're sniffing the brine of the ocean—
They're smelling the dust of the plain—
They're living the days of the wanderer,
Over and over again.
The lights of the tropic sunset—
The dusk of the ice-bound floes—
Are drifting anew—the seasons through—
When the heart of the rover goes.

The song of a bird in the maple—
The silver of wind-turned leaves—
The new-wet pine or clover—
The drone of the swarming bees—
A sight—a scent—a something—
Brings back o'er plain and sea,
To the heart of the one-time rover,
The days of Used-to-be.

Were they days of joy and pleasure?
Were they days of fast and drouth?
Were they spent by the palm-topped coral—
Or the drifts of the cross-crowned south?

Were they years of haughty exile?
Were they years of bitter need?
Of warring or vindication?
Of avarice? Honor? Greed?

They were spent—that's all. They've faded
As the silent seasons roll;
But things to others meaningless
Are filling the rover's soul.
A sight—a scent—a something—
And over the crested seas—
For weal or woe or sun or snow—
The heart of the rover flees.

THE CLASS OF 1906 TO DR. SMITH

Now ere we raise the wind-swept ways
With new-cut spar and mast—
Of all we hold most dear and old
'Mong recollections past—
We hold for thee in memory
With golden links held fast.

By sun and rain—by hill and plain—
By palm and fir and pine:
By the flashing light of the Arctic night,
Or the roll of the flame-streaked line,
On land or sea eternally
Our hearts are ever thine.

Across the rift they beckoning lift—
The lights that call us there.
Beyond the bay we sail away
To a shore of strife and care:
But may our bow point true as thou—
Strong, loving, just and fair.

PENNSYLVANIA 1906 TO HARVARD '29

(Remembering Oliver Wendell Holmes' class poems)

For love of him who wrought thy name
 By year and year anew;
And like old wine grew better as
 The endless circles flew,
We praise thy mem'ry—silver sung—
 The silent seasons through.

For love of him who saw beneath
 And read the inner sign:
Who touched a chord the angels keep
 To mark the heart divine:
For love of him—we stand and pledge—
 “ The class of Twenty-nine ! ”

TO A COLLEGE FRIENDSHIP

When the college days are over—

When the thoughtless days are done—

When we hit the different trails o'er land and sea:

When the deeper lines are growing—

'Neath the shaded lamp or sun—

When we wash the second buoy hard alee.

When we grip the straining tiller—

When we grate the sunken reef—

When the lights we thought would lead us fade
and fail:

When the somber skies are sinking,

And the crested combers seethe—

And the scorning voices mock us through the gale.

When the summer turns to autumn,

And the first faint frost appears—

Just a tinge of scattered gray ahere and there:

When we round the homeward buoy,

Toward the Port of All the Years—

And we hear the rock-perched sirens call “Be-
ware!”

When we're beating in the Harbor—
Scuppers down beneath the foam—
With our sails a little weather-worn and frayed:
We will cast a golden blessing—
In the gathering of the gloam—
O'er the distant days of loyal friendship made.

THE SONG OF ASIA

Northward, southward, eastward, westward —
frozen cape and boiling sea;
Tinted ocean, jeweled islands, west to Urals bold
and free.
Standing for the oldest nations, standing for the
oldest gods;
For those Oriental monarchs ruling e'er with iron
rods.

Where the Yellow River broadens, where the Gobi
sand-storms drive,
Where the Lama rules in Lassa, where the ochre
millions thrive,
I have watched the Dragon Monarchs by their
stern and subtile might,
Conquer from the Irawaddy northward to the
Arctic night.

Where the mighty steppes are leading down to
Iran's sandy plain,
Gorgeous Persian king and satrap once did con-
quer, love and reign.

Where the great twin rivers windeth through the
cradle of the World,
To the Macedon and Roman culture's banner I
unfurled.

Gems of Ind and silks of China, Persian rug and
Arab gold,
Splendor, History and Tradition all in me you
may behold.
Tyre and Sidon planting cities—jewels upon the
purple seas—
Sending gorgeous goods of mine that Rome might
have her luxuries.

Where the Tigris and Euphrates meet and singly
seaward flow,
I have watched the greatest cities of the whole
world rise and grow—
Babylon the proud and splendid—Ninevah the old
and grand—
Empire cities wielding power over mountain, sea
and land.

Samarcand who knew the glory of the mighty
Tartar lords,
Holding by a bloody prestige all the reckless north-
ern hordes.

Delhi flashing white and dazzling 'neath a red,
destroying sun,

Home of Grand Moguls the gorgeous—ere their
setting had begun.

Frozen tundras of my northlands—fertile valleys
of my east—

Burning southlands jeweled and starving—west,
the land of song and feast.

Genghis Khan, Confucius, Omar, Cyrus, Buddha,
Tamerlane—

With those names and golden mem'ries wonder ye
that I am vain?

I have hurled my hosts of henchmen like the light-
ning in its haste,

Westward o'er the plains of Europe laying
slaughter, blood and waste.

I have seen those iron conquerors, from Europa's
barbarous state

Raise the kingdoms of the present—learn'd and
many, strong and great.

I was ancient, I was mighty, when no other lands
were known:

From my Himalayan foot-hills sprang the tongues
ye call your own.

First to leave the savage Stone Age, when the cultured arts unfurled,

Look to me and bow obeisance—I, the Mother of the World.

A BALLAD OF THE OLD EAST

In an old and distant country, in the days of long
ago,
Lived a rich and mighty monarch by the Oxus'
winding flow.

Greatly feared by all his foemen, greatly loved by
all his own,
Brave and just—beneath his power vast and strong
the land had grown.

For the fittest of the kingdom—for the glory of
the State—
Issued he a proclamation to the lowly and the
great.

And outside the palace-gardens, and within the
market-square,
All day long the prince and beggar came to
wonder and to stare.

Came to wonder, came to ponder, rub his pate for
aught that he
For his king or for his country had performed on
land or sea.

Read the placards boldly lettered—"I the monarch
now proclaim
To the benefactor greatest of my glorious do-
main,

"Who to-morrow after sunrise, in my jewel'd and
golden hall,
Proves to me he merits honor greater than his
fellows all,

"Unto him I'll measure justly, from my own
abundant store,
Gold and jewels and hides as much as he can carry
from the door."

On the morrow ere the sunrise scarce had crept
across the plain,
Came in throngs the wondering people, some to
watch and some to gain.

Into gate and into palace at their lord the king's
behest.

These in rags, and those in mantles, came they all
however dressed.

On his throne of oak and ivory, clad in purple
and in gold,

Sat the pride of ancient Asia, young in looks, in
wisdom old.

Courtiers none there stood beside him, but before
his dazzling throne,

Mingled with the meanest servile, lowly stood to
plead their own.

Through the long and tedious hours patiently the
monarch heard,

Never once the face relaxing, never once a prais-
ing word.

One and only one was waiting to advance and face
his lord,

Gorgeous flashed his warrior trappings, brightly
blazed his heavy sword.

Long and deep were seen the gashes on the stern
and haughty face,
Pride was he of all the noblest—bravest of a
mighty race.

Still unbending, unrelenting, though his favorite
onward came,
Sat the king and raising sceptre bade him now
proclaim his fame.

In a voice by battle hardened; slowly drawing
round his cloak,
Confident, expectant striding, low he bent and
boldly spoke—

“ Where the mighty southern mountains lift their
snowy peaks on high,
Where the blackened hordes are sweltering 'neath
a blue and blazing sky:

“ Where the sacrificial river wends its way unto
the shore,
Through the tangled wood and jungle where the
lion and tiger roar:

“ Where the yellow swarms assemble 'neath their
dragon banners bright,
Where the Yangtze broadens grandly in the realm
of Buddha's might:

“ Where the sands of regal Persia parch the lip
and close the eye,
And on Mesopotamian rivers fast the dark-eyed
boat-men ply:

“ I have left in slain and plundered—I have left
in blood and flame,
Tracks of glory to my monarch—terror for my
sovereign's name.”

But commotion 'mong the listeners caused the
king to turn his head,
And reluctant from the people, partly pushed and
blushing red,

Stepped a youth but scarcely twenty, hardly
known was his name;
Sneered the chief that such a stripling came to
snatch the wreath of fame.

“ Mighty king, my lord and master,” spoke the youth in faltering tones,

“ Smoking cities, crimsoned rivers, gory fields and whitening bones,

“ Have I none to lay before thee—coming but to hear and learn,

Since a few have forced me forward, list, though little ye'll discern.

“ In my home among the mountains runs a broad and hurrying stream,

Gliding swiftly toward the sunset where we see the Oxus gleam.

“ On the banks to north and southward by the mountain breezes fanned,

Lie a score of towns and hamlets, fair as any in the land.

“ While above, within the river, long has stood an ancient dam,

Where in break of budding season I was hunting with Oyám—

“ Friend of boyhood, and together walking up
beside the stream,
Saw I in the dam an opening, saw I there the
water’s gleam.

“ Saw I twenty thriving hamlets and the faces left
behind,
And the opening growing larger, and the waters
unconfined.

“ ‘Quick, Oyám,’ I shouted loudly, ‘speed as
speeds the wintry blast!
Look, the wall is slowly parting! Warn the vil-
lages we passed!’

“ To the opening rushed I quickly, thrusting half
my body through,
From my waist to feet in water, which each moment
colder grew.

“ But the break was filled completely, when, ac-
complishing the sought,
From my limbs the chill was creeping slowly
headward, drowning thought.

“ That is all, except my comrade, with the setting
of the sun,
Hastening came with many workers, and my
humble task was done.”

Risen had the mighty monarch from his seat of
oak and gold,
Gathered close about the stripling pressed the
courtiers young and old.

While the murmur of approval high and ever
higher swelled,
Till the monarch raised his sceptre, bade that
silence should be held.

Spake the king in accents ringing, “ Lo, before
me plainly glide
Visions twain, in mighty contrast, slowly through
the landscape ride.

“ In the one is war and tumult, blazing home and
ruined land,
Scowling mount and bleeding river, tell the con-
queror’s iron hand.

“ In the other—peace and gladness, happy hamlets,
waving grain,
Lofty mountains, laughing rivers flowing through
a fruitful plain.

“ Youth, come hither, take the jewels, take the
ivory, hides and gold,
Take the yet more priceless treasure, take our
blessings manifold.

“ And to-morrow with the rising of the glorious
morning sun,
You will find the royal commission that you
royally have won:

“ Over-lord of all the hamlets in the valley of the
Ming,
Bearer of the Golden Sceptre, Second Councillor to
the King.”

THE CALLING OF THE WINDS

The Winds of the World are calling—
There's a longing in your breast
For the mighty sweep of the rolling deep,
Or the breath of the mountain-crest:
And ye long for another region—
And ye long for another clime—
For the friend or foe ye used to know,
And the days of another time.

The Winds of the World are calling—
And will ye answer nay?
Ye know the World where the palms unfurled--
Where the seal and the walrus play—
Where the rivers through the jungle
Are washing their virgin banks,
Where fir and pine 'neath the Arctic line
Stand straight in their serried ranks.

The Winds of the World are calling—
And will ye go and do
The things afar of peace or war
That beckoning call to you—

O'er the trail of the tropic mountain,
O'er pampas, sea and plain,
O'er Arctic floe, in the driving snow,
Or the red Equator's rain?

The Winds of the World are calling—
And will ye answer no?
Or run amuck and cast your luck
Where the counter-tradewinds blow?
Where the stilted laws of city,
(Each day fore-settled—planned—)
Are broke in twain on sea and plain
In the tracts of No Man's Land.

THE LAND OF NEVER-NEVER

There's a Land of Never-never,
 Just beyond the rainbow's bend—
Beck'ning far behind the offing
 Where the mirage heavens end.

Laughing o'er the misty foot-hills—
 Chanting down the hollow vale—
Singing 'cross the broken channel
 When the lights to leeward fail.

There's a Land of Never-never,
 Just beyond the dripping bow;
Lifting through the scarlet sky-line—
 Surely you can see it now.

Bursting—dazzling—glowing golden—
 All the hopes of other years,
Risen o'er the smoldering ruins—
 Risen through the burning tears.

There's a Land of Never-never—
Glory—Power—Pride or Fame—
Cherished goal we thought to gather,
Be whate'er the chosen name.

Bright beyond the farthest moon-beam
Where the stars fade out and die,
We can see it scintillating—
White and gleaming—fair and high.

There's a Land of Never-never—
We are drawing very near;
And the joy of all the ages
Comes to greet us toiling here.

(Just another drive to windward
With the lee-rail running low—
Just another cape to weather—
We can surely stand the blow).

• • • • • • •

But the Land of Never-never
Laughs across the silent sea,
And the skies rise blank and empty—
Where the mirage used to be.

THE BROTHERHOOD

Beyond the outer markings
We catch the distant call—
We hear it through the golden east,
And where the shadows fall:
It flickers o'er the Arctic lights—
It laughs across the sea—
It's whispering as plain as words
To me.

By broken hopes that never heal—
By souls that struggle through—
By countless things they left undone—
By things they would not do—
By mighty minds of mighty men—
By faith of simple creeds—
By ties bound not with empty words—
But deeds.

No sign or symbol sheweth—
No word or mystic mark—
No jealousy or silence—
No hint or dire dark—

But flung across the wide, wide world,
O'er mountain, sea and plain,
It binding wafts and then returns
Again.

And Brother knoweth Brother
By the look within his eye;
And he does not try to reason—
And he does not wonder why:
And he does not clasp him to his breast—
Or weep when they depart,
But, he's found the only talisman—
A heart.

Above the ice-choked channels
The upright penguins stare:
They've watched the out-bound Order—
They are often sighted there:
The phosphor-dancing fires greet
The Cross-crowned tropic sky,
And the palms are waving gently
Where they ply.

By your elbow on the crowded street—
By mine and mart and mire—
By bugle blast and blinding charge—
By wreck and roaring fire—

Look ye not for sign or symbol—
Question none nor wonder where—
For the talisman lies hidden—
Under there.

THE LAY OF CRÉCY

The ranks of France are marshaled deep,
 Twice sixty thousand strong;
The Genoese cross-bows are there—
The men-at-arms, the squires fair—
And knights, the haughty jewels and rare,
 That spurn the baser throng.

And Philip, king of France, commands.
 The blind Bohemian king—
Majorca's sovereign, stern and proud—
The Romans' lord in purple shroud—
Impatient till the trumpets loud
 Their clarion voices fling.

But look ye to'ard the English camp,
 Right ready 'gainst the fray—
The line of trusty bows and long—
The archers, hardened, quick and strong—
Though scarce to Edward now belong
 A third the French array.

Oh seldom has the glorious sun
Beheld so fair a sight,
As o'er the great and glittering field,
The shining lance and helm and shield
Proclaim what mighty lords shall wield
Their arms in noble fight.

The waving plume—the golden rowel—
The clang of steel and steel—
The lifted head and haughty glance
Of English earl and lord of France,
As forward now the lines advance
Beneath the trumpets' peal.

The Genoese cross-bowmen come,
And strain and pull and bend;
And pull and strain and bend again,
But strings awetted by the rain
Are better were they broke in twain,
For harmless shafts they send.

Not thus the English archers stout,
Not thus their goodly bows;
But from their cases, dry and light,
They quickly spring, and shafts as flight
Of hurtling hail on winter's night,
Hew down the frightened foes.

Grimaldi, Doria, all in vain
Ye shout—entreat—command.
The bravest knights of Christendom—
The stoutest Norse that sailed the foam—
The legions of imperial Rome—
Could naught the storm withstand.

And routed are the Genoese:
While forward comes the pride
Of England's noble chivalry—
The youth the maidens love to see—
The youth the striplings strive to be—
The young Black Prince doth ride.

And 'gainst the brother of the king—
The Count of Alençon;
And forward 'gainst the heavy ranks,
Where'er anon athwart the flanks
Of thoroughbreds the armor clanks,
The sable prince comes on.

Like waves upon a rocky shore,
The horse of England dash.
Now hear the clang of mace and spear—
The sword and lance's shrieking hear—
While standards reel and chargers rear,
As deadly foemen clash.

Like breakers 'gainst the rugged rocks,
The struggle rages wild.
And now forsooth on either hand
Doth fall the fairest of the land,
Of lineage great and titles grand,
In helpless hillocks piled.

Far back and forth with mighty roar
The crimson surges roll.
And truly 'tis a goodly sight
To see in midst of gory fight,
The stripling prince to left and right
Lay on with lusty soul.

Fair cause has Edward proud to be
Of such a warrior lad.
The plated squadrons closely pressed
Before the charging Prince's crest,
Bewildered—break. And, 'mong the blest,
Now may their souls be glad.

Ho Philip thou of Valois now
Grasp firm the sword and lance!
For ere the setting of the sun—
For ere another day is done—
The fight is lost—the fight is won—
Lay on, lay on for France!

Hold high the royal banner
Above the battle roar;
That Frenchmen, gladdened by the sight,
May follow where the lilies white
Shall—waving o'er the failing fight—
Yet turn the tide of war.

And now the king's division and
The English army meet:
But John of Hainault rideth far
His monarch from the scene of war:
And none may France's flight debar—
And naught avert defeat.

Her knights and squires strewn lay
Abroad the battle-field.
For over all the stricken plain,
Writhe rent and gashed the mail-clad slain;
And rising half—the wounded strain
The splintered lance to wield.

Beneath the early evening sky—
In death's last fierce embrace,
French, English, Welsh and Genoese—
Cross-bowmen, yeomen, lords, grandes—
From alien lands and over seas—
Lie fallen face to face.

The Ostrich Feathers Three are low
In brave Bohemian blood.

No more Majorca's king shall raise
His haughty brow, and proudly gaze
To where, upon his castle blaze
His arms in sunlight's flood.

The Dukes Lorraine and Bourbon too
No more shall raise a hand
To strike for native soil and king.
No more their waving crests shall fling,
As free and light as swallow's wing,
O'er France's verdant land.

The setting sun in splendor sinks
Beyond the western wave.
And as the last lights lingering fall
On duke and earl and yeoman, all
Low laid by king and country's call,
In gold the scene they bathe.

THE FAILERS

Look Lord upon thy Failers,
On river and land and sea ;
Who've toiled and fought for the things they
sought,
But losers utterly.
Their prestige o'er the Nation,
Rings not through the Hall of Fame,
For to the grave—crushed, weary, brave—
They go with knownless name.

They've split the rock, they've furled the sail,
They've grasped the pen and gun,
They've beaten the paths of the boundless earth,
'Neath snow and the tropic sun :
They've striven—(Lord they've striven—)
'Gainst the luck and the odds that are ;
Through day and night a ceaseless fight,
And lost their guiding star.

Look Lord on the mighty Failers,
With thought and purpose high ;

Look Lord on the feebler Failers,
And do not pass them by.
They've fought a long and glorious fight—
They've missed their golden goal—
Their hearts are crushed in the great world's rush,
Touch Thou the Failer's soul.

Oh Lord of the ancient ages,
Oh Lord of the oldest past,
Oh Lord of the splendid present,
And the future to the last,
Look down on the fruitless strivers—
The Failers of East and West—
And grant them a double blessing Lord,
Ye grant to all the rest.

THE CITY MOON

Through the hurrying, lighted city,
Through the grinding rush and roar,
High o'er brick and stone and coping
We are seeing you once more.

Paler, fainter—cold, uncanny—
Where the wires swing on high,
And the twenty stories tower
Blocked and black against the sky.

Surely—no, we're only dreaming,
You are not the moon we knew
When we watched the wild waves rushing
'Gainst the gorge and driving through:

Till the foam as molten silver—
Till the spray as dancing fire—
Sped the dormant blood within us
To the Land of Our Desire.

You are not the moon that watched us
Where the lone lean shadows lie
O'er the jewel-bestudded snow-field,
'Neath the blue-black winter sky.

You are not the moon that broadened
Silver paths across the sea,
Till the scintillating ocean
Danced in joyous ecstasy:

Till the rock-bound bight before us,
Like a dream-enchanted bay,
Broke in brimming, golden goblets,
Romped and roared and rolled away.

You are not the moon that lingered
Where the lake-side birches rise
Tier on tier in gleaming whiteness
O'er the star-reflected skies:

Nor the harvest moon that mellowed
Sea and cliff and hill and plain,
Soothing care and disappointment—
Bringing cherished days again.

We renounce you—wan and withered—
'Bove the walls of brick and stone:
They may have you—they may keep you—
You are not the moon *we've* known.

THE DOUBTER

Long he pondered through the gloaming—long he
wondered through the night—
Long the heavens shone and shimmered—purple,
gray, resplendent, dim:
Till the roaring chorus rumbled, till the little harp-
strings trebled,
Age on age in endless answer—spirit-voice or
cherubim—

“Gaze, Oh Doubter, o'er cathedral, church and
temple, mosque and shrine,
While the solemn millions mutter, ‘Lo, the only
faith is mine.’
Creed on creed and seer and prophet—festival and
fast and feast—
Would ye learn the truth, Oh Doubter, from the
mighty and the least?

“Look then to the ancient Eastward where the
bulky Buddhas squat,
Fervently the flaccid faces praise the gods who
know them not

Out beyond the red-railed temple when the punk-smoke curls away,
Out beyond the last least star-beam lies the God to Whom they pray.

“Look, Oh Doubter, to the Westward with the sun-baked plains aglare,
Once Apache and Comanche held their savage service there.
Form and figure—fetish, fire—bleeding gash and sacred sign,
But a Manitou stood guarding—as he guardeth thee and thine.

“Hear, Oh Doubter, cries of battle—watch the crimson banners toss—
‘La illaha—il Allah’ shrieks the Crescent to the Cross:
High above the crashing squadrons rings the loud exultant yell
(Cross or Crescent—learn ye nothing from the hated ‘Infidel’?)

“Look, Oh Doubter, where the Forum marks the heart of mighty Rome;
Ponder you when you discover different gods in every home?

City—province—outer boundary—where the close-
locked legions rove—

There you find him crowned supernal—Jupiter—
the great god Jove.

“ See, Oh Doubter, proud Olympus 'bove the pale
Ægean blue

Watching where the war-scarred triremes from the
Hellespont drive through.

Count her many-headed Council—human hatred—
love—abuse—

But the haughty Hellenes tremble low before Al-
mighty Zeus.

“ Go, Oh Doubter, where a river built an Empire
eons old.

Scorn the village triads—scorn them—little gods
of brass and gold.

Scan papyri that was destined only Higher Castes
might see,

And behold—alone—stands Ammon—as he stands
for thine and thee.

“ Dig, Oh Doubter, deep and deeper where the
sand-choked cities lie,

Till the Tigris and Euphrates fling their story to
the sky:

Till the quaint-carved figures answer (honor not
the Lesser Things)—

‘Whom ye seek is Him we worshipped—Lord of
Lords and King of Kings.’”

Died the rolling chorus softly—sank the spirit-
voice away—

Vanished night and spreading golden blazed the
dawning light of day:

And the Doubter stood Believer—saw Him—and in
seeing knew—

God and Allah—Zeus and Ammon—Jove—Jeho-
vah—Manitou.

THE SONG OF THE BLIND

*Across the twilight stillness
Creeps forth a silent song,
(That naught but the ear of the angels hear)
“How long—Oh Lord—how long? ”*

.

From out our belted darkness
We feel the evening breeze,
We list to the low boughs bending
And the click of the wind-turned leaves.
We know the feathered flutter
When the homing thrushes wing,
We catch the hail of the rising quail—
We hear the robins sing.

A waft from the fields of clover—
A whiff of the new-wet pine—
The sweet-lipped honeysuckle,
And the breath of the wind-swept brine
We scent—and we are grateful—
But oh for the days that were,

When we *saw* the pine and the
white-flecked brine,
The clover and beech and fir.

We feel the night air stirring—
We know the hour well:
And the western sky is blazing—
(We hear our neighbors tell):
Oh yes, *we've* seen it spreading
All crimson, gold and green,
And the Star of Evening shining
Through a lilac-tinted screen.

We hear the crickets chirping,
(The day is mostly done).
Are the fire-flies aflutter?
Are the candles one by one
Appearing as they used to do
Beyond the outer mark?—
Where faint and gray the Milky Way
Illumes the dotted dark.

We *used* to see Orion
In nightly combat there:
We *used* to see the Scorpion—
The Archer and the Bear:

We *used* to see the shining Cross—
All mystic, pale and white—
Reflect the glow of the southern snow
Across the arching night.

We *used* to see the silent moon
And the silver-flooded bay—
Where waves careen in the molten sheen
And slowly dance away—
Till the Morning Star like a liquid lamp
Rose high and clear and cold,
And the first faint hue of the dawn we knew
Burst forth in a flood of gold.

We're trying to be cheerful, Lord,
In our infirmity,
But oh for a sight of the white-ribbed foam
As it leaps from the open sea:
And oh for a look on the dark-green pines
Against the virgin snow—
Or stand by the drift where the sea-gulls lift
And watch the afterglow.

The heliotrope and mignonette
We scent along the lane,
But the rose's blush and the tulip's tint
We may not know again.

We hear the swallow overhead—
We hear the lone loon's call—
But we can't descry the sun-burst sky
With the rainbow over all.

.

*Across the twinkling twilight
Creeps forth the silent song—
(That only the ear of the angels hear)
“How long—Oh Lord—how long? ”*

*And back through the starry stillness,
Where the last least embers glow,
From ring to ring the far spheres fling
The word of a God they know.*

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